

Whether Common or Not.



Patty Cake.

Old Lucullus was a feaster with a record hard to beat,

And old Nero had some banquets rich and rare;
But each evening I'd be willing to trot each of them a heat,

For I have a feast of good things, and to spare.
Though no china rare and costly gives my board an added grace,

Though the viands do not come across the sea,
I'm content, for rich and flaky, by my long accustomed place

Is the "patty-cake" Lorena makes for me.

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker man;
Roll 'em, roll 'em, fast as you can.
Pick 'em, pick 'em, cute as can be,
Toss 'em in the oven for papa and me.

At rare banquet boards I've feasted when the wine of wisdom flowed

Till the flying hours of night merged into day;
But my heart was ever turning to my humble, bright abode,

Where a baby spends her waking hours in play.
For I knew the little darling, ere she closed her laughing eyes,

Sat in state upon her mamma's dancing knee
And prepared for absent papa such a wonderful surprise—

Made a toothsome little "patty-cake" for me.
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker man;
Roll 'em, roll 'em, fast as you can.
Pick 'em, pick 'em, cute as can be,
Toss 'em in the oven for papa and me.

Finest fruits of fair Arcady, finest wines from sunny France,

Finest china and cut glass of beauty rare
From which sparks of glowing splendor in their gleaming beauty glance,

And the richest breath of perfume on the air—
These may grace the brown stone palace of the haughty millionaire,

But in happiness I'm richer far than he.
For his millions and his palace I'd not trade the smallest share

Of the "patty-cake" Lorena makes for me.
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker man;
Roll 'em, roll 'em, fast as you can.
Pick 'em, pick 'em, cute as can be,
Toss 'em in the oven for papa and me.

A Feminine Sherlock Holmes.

They say women are guided solely by instinct.
They sat on a park bench, watching the swans sailing by:

"And you say you have never had on skates?" she said.

"Never in my life," replied the young man.
She gazed at him for a brief moment, then asked:

"Then, sir, why does your breath smell of cloves?"

This also proves the wonderful adaptability of our language.

A Wise Girl.

He was desperately slow, although he cheerfully spent his money.

"No, Mr. Slowman," she said. "I do not eat ice cream. It contains ptomaine, toxin, typhus and other poisons."

He gasped for a moment and then asked:

"Er, Miss Smoothe, may I—er—may I hope?"

Aristocratic.

"I do not believe we can recognize the De-Smythes," said Mrs. Von Astorfield.

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Von Astorfield.

"Don't you remember that when we passed

Mrs. DeSmythe on the street last evening we caught a faint odor of gasoline?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"It means that they take care of their own automobile."

A Warrior Bold.

He never won a naval fight,
Nor led an army bold;
He never sought to find the pole
Midst Arctic ice and cold.
But he is looked upon with awe
In spite of all of that—
He is the kingly janitor
Who manages our flat.

A Description.

"What kind of a fellow is Jimson?"

"Jimson is what I would call an auto-philanthropist."

"What's that?"

"An auto-philanthropist is one who exerts all of his philanthropy upon himself."

A Puzzled Subject.

I'm just a Porto Rican with a tall, tough tax;
I got it where the chicken got the keen, cold ax.
And an ornamental duty
That was levied just for booty,
Of days of George of England somewhat seems and smacks.

And I wait an explanation
Of your boasted Declaration,
Which at present seems well ridden with some criss-cross cracks.

Plagiarism.

The young man arose from his knees, a look of sadness in his eyes.

"Then your refusal is final, Miss Billingsbill?"

Beatrice Billingsbill leaned forward with a fleeting gleam of sorrow in her blue eyes and said:

"It is, Mr. McGimpleigh. I regret to state—"

"O, come off, Miss Billingsbill," said Mr. Reginald De Puyster McGimpleigh, reaching for his hat, "I ain't no British war office receiving a report from South Africa."

And with a hollow laugh he strode through the hall door and vanished in the darkness.

They Will Hile.

There was a young miss in Mobile
Who went for a ride on her while;
But the impolite bike
Threw her out on the pike,
And many a bruise she can file.

Proof Positive.

"Writely is the most even-tempered man I ever saw."

"What makes you think that?"

"He never swears when his typewriter fails to space properly."

Brain Leaks.

Soon forgotten some day recalled.
A well trained conscience is a poor guide.
Man's pleasure is too often a woman's woe.
True faith never worries over small things.
Slander is the weapon of the weak-minded.
The religion that costs nothing is worth it.
Where contentment is love sits in the window.
The foolish man prepares to die. The wise man prepares to live.

The word "murder" spelled backwards reveals the cause of much of it.

The agnostic says, "I do not know." The Christian says, "I believe." God knows.

Something in a Name.

That his new yacht would come out last

Sir Thomas should have reckoned,

For what else could he figure on

When he named it Shamrock II?

—W. M. M.

Newyorkitis.

Dr. Girdner, in his delightful book, 'Newyorkitis,' thus describes one of the mental symptoms on the disease:

"A Newyorkitic is simply unable to understand how a man can reach a conclusion and stand by it, uninfluenced by other men's opinions and his own personal interests.

"These unfortunates adopt a particular creed or party for no better reason than the fact that their parents belonged to it, or, what is less commendable, because of fear of some individual, or of public opinion, or because it coincides with their material interests. The Newyorkitic thus forfeits the respect of all men of all creeds and parties who are mentally honest. You meet a man, for instance, who argues that the moon is made of cheese. He may convince you, for the time, that he is sincere in this belief. You do not agree with him, but his apparent sincerity commands your respect. Now if you learn the next day that this man is in the dairy business, and that the general acceptance of his cheese theory would be of immense advantage to his dairy interests, you unconsciously lose all respect for, and interest in, his views on astronomy and every other subject.

"I admire the honest avowal of motive which was contained in the reply to a question I once asked of an insane man. This poor man was chronically and incurable insane. He had been in the asylum for ten years. Every time he was allowed out in the ground for exercise, he would walk back and forth over the same path, some twenty yards long, and looking across the river at the rows of city blocks, he would repeat aloud to himself in a monotonous tone: 'All these houses belong to me! All these houses belong to me!' I asked him why he continued to announce that he was the owner of all the houses. His reply was: 'I am trying to create a sentiment of that kind, sir,' and turning quickly, he continued his monotonous tramp and 'All these houses belong to me!'

"The New York academy of medicine appointed a committee some years ago to endeavor to induce congress to pass certain legislation looking to the improvement of the national health laws. A distinguished Newyorkitic asked me confidentially this question: 'What is there in this bill for you doctors?' He looked surprised and incredulous when I told him there was nothing in it except that the academy believed its enactment into law would save tens of thousands of human lives every year.

"To many of these patients, such productions as the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, the Declaration of Independence, and Plato, are 'back numbers.'"

Marquis Ito.

The recent critical situation between Russia and Japan—a crisis, indeed, which at one time many students of international affairs thought imminent of war—has again brought into special prominence the Japanese statesman who has been called the father of the Japanese constitution. Ito, Okuma, and Yamagata have been the three great political leaders of Japan since the war with China and the last named is more famous as commander-in-chief of the victorious Japanese army than as a statesman. Ito, indeed, has been connected with Japanese diplomacy since as long ago as 1864, when he helped negotiate the treaty with Great Britain, the United States, France, and Holland. He has been premier several times, and despite cabinet changes, has always been respected by the best elements in Japan, because he has always stood for a strong, positive Japanese policy, combined with progressive political ideas as respects foreign intercourse and relations. His enemies have been almost invariably the reactionaries. The result of the war with China justified his radical policy. His retirement in 1896 was forced by the aversion of Japan to admit that it was necessary to accept the unsatisfactory terms forced upon Ito by Russia and the other powers. But whenever danger of war with Russia is strong, Ito again comes to the front in the minds of all the people of Japan.—The Outlook.